


Nov 1965

PULSE



A Salute to Bishop Gallagher



Over seven months ago, Pope Paul VI appointed a new ordinary to the Diocese of Lafayette. This man, Bishop Raymond J. Gallagher, assumes, issuing from his office as bishop, the power and the duty to wield to the best advantage the ecclesiastical forces of his diocese. It is time that PULSE add its belated welcome to our new bishop.

Bishop Gallagher was born, educated, and ordained in the Diocese of Cleveland. There he served as a parish priest from 1939 until 1944, the year in which he set sail for the Phillipines as a navy chaplain. In 1946, he was back in the states, studying for a master's degree in social work at Loyola University in Chicago. Having received his degree in 1948, he returned to Cleveland, and initiated his work as Assistant Director of Catholic Charities and as the Director of Catholic Youth Service Bureau in Cleveland. He founded in his diocese the Child Guidance Clinic and the Don Bosco Guild, which was formed to assist in the rehabilitation of juvenile delinquents. He has served as program chairman for the National Conference of Catholic Charities, as adviser on the diocesan Family Life Bureau, and as Spiritual Director of the Association of Ladies of Charity of the United States. Finally in 1961, he became executive secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, with offices in Washington D.C. That Rome was pleased with his efforts is witnessed by the fact that he was named a Papal Chamberlain in 1955 by Pius XII, Domestic Prelate in 1960 by John XXIII, and finally Bishop of Lafayette in 1965 by Paul VI.


Our new bishop has brought with him besides much experience a fitting motto for our troubled times -- "Caritas Super Omnia." These words set the pace for his first seven months as bishop. Yet the motto of a bishop

should not be thought to be restricted to the bishop himself. They should be reflected upon and applied by every priest, religious, and layman in the Diocese of Lafayette,--and thus, even by St. Joseph's College.

On his consecration day, after thanking all those friends and relatives to whom he felt he owed this great honor, Bishop Gallagher said, "The need for your greater spiritual support grows in view of the obvious seriousness of the responsibilities which will be mine as a bishop. Today you honor not the man but the office to which he is appointed. I am honestly aware of this positive truth and therefore pledge my every effort to cooperate with those graces you earned for me in fulfilling the task that lies ahead." Let us pledge him our prayers and support, and let us try to follow the fine example his life presents of living to the full the high ideal of "love above all."

PULSE extends its belated welcome to Bishop Gallagher, and hopes and prays that God grant him and the Lafayette Diocese many fruitful years.

Mike Walro



HIGH 1ights

At our DMU meeting on the evening of Nov. 18, 1965, the seminarians were privileged to have as their guest speaker, the Reverend John Coffield.

This 49 year old Roman Catholic priest made the national press last year when he announced that he would go into a self-imposed exile in Chicago "As the strongest protest he could make" against Los Angeles archdiocesan policies.

Father addressed the group for about an hour, during which he spoke on the situation which exists in Los Angeles with regard to the Negroes there, and particularly of Watts, near where he had his parish. He went into the history of his involvement in the Civil Rights Movement and told of some of his experiences. Father also explained his disagreement with James Francis Cardinal McIntyre. Father Coffield feels that one can sin by his silence as well as by his actions and that he felt obliged to speak out on the racial issue. The Cardinal forbade him to do so, so Father chose a voluntary exile, rather than obey the Cardinal's mandate. Contrary to what we might have thought about Father Coffield due to the press reports on his activities, I found Father to be far from radical but a very simple, sincere and extremely humble priest who in his own words "I deeply love the Church which is trying to silence me." My impressions of Father Coffield were born out when I accompanied him to his "car" following the meeting. He had made the 150 mile round trip in an old pick-up truck!

Barry Fischer

Shortly before the Thanksgiving vacation, an anonymous phone call was received by Father Paul White, threatening St. Joe's with a bombing. Despite the belief that the caller was a crank, immediate precautions were taken, under the direction of Frs. Charles Banet and White, plus the Indiana State Police, to protect the College from any attempt. All night watches were set up with 50 secular students plus all the seminarians taking turns watching all the entrances. Fortunately, they had nothing to report, and the scare turned out to be nothing.

The return from Christmas Vacation brought thoughts of the semester exams which were at hand. All of the cramming seemed to work, as most of the seminarians made it through without too many scars. For those who were not so lucky, there was always next semester to look to for improvement. Congratulations to all those who held our reputation high and achieved the coveted Dean's List by achieving a 3.00 index.

After exams were finished, the Xavierites turned from the scholastic to the spiritual side of their lives. Under the direction of Fr. Robert Fussner, S.J., the seminarians spent a fruitful five days of thinking and examining. This year's retreat brought something a little new for most of us. Fr. Fussner, being a son of Ignatius, used the saint's Spiritual Exercises as the basis for his conferences. While the material was lofty and usually quite difficult to think about for too long, it seemed to give us a much greater insight into God and his workings from one who should know something about God. It certainly left us all with many things to mull over in the weeks, months, and even years after the retreat.

Thursday night, January 18, St. Joseph's Auditorium again rang forth with the voices of students participating in the Fr. Rapp Speech Contest. Xavier Hall was represented by two contestants, Bob Schreiter and Bob Cassey. They certainly represented us well, for each took a place in the three place contest. Schreiter walked off with first place on an interesting and thought provoking speech on "The Death of God", a look into our modern attitude toward our Creator. The other Bob took second place by trying to find reason behind the recent rash of self-immolations, a la Buddhist monks, in our country. Both talks, as well as the other five given by secular students, were well done and displayed a remarkable insight and gift expression. Congratulations to both Bobs.

Recent sewer trouble in the "X" has resulted in the almost daily flooding of the locker rooms there. The first of the great floods was traced to a backup in the showers, and upon returning from Christmas Vacation, we found all rooms of the "X" under water. Lately another sewer has been acting up and, despite the efforts of many, no solution has been reached. Of course, our two loyal "X" managers, Tom Bear and Bill Kuhlman, have been hard at work cleaning up the H₂O.



The second semester has seen the arrival of four new residents for Xavier Hall. On January 30 two of the new entrants arrived. John Cozzens, recently released from the United States Air Force, and Jim Evans, of Dayton, Ohio, entered Xavier Hall to embark on their studies toward the priesthood in the Society of the Precious Blood. John, a native of Chicago, attended Wilson Junior College in Chicago for two years before entering the service. The other two new Xavierites have a bit of a different background. Israel de la Fuente Soto and Nibaldo Gonzales Mendez had studied in their native Chile with the Society. Having completed their philosophy, it was decided that they should come to the United States to spend their year of Novitiate, since Chile has none. They arrived here at Xavier on March 3 to gain some facility in the English Language before entering the Novitiate next August. They will return to Chile after their studies. Both are now actively engaged in trying to learn our language, and all the seminarians seem to be enjoying taking an active part in helping them.

You little fool:



*Don't miss the BIG
FOOL - page 43!*

-FAY K. OUT

"HEY, HEY, L.B.J."

The First Amendment to our Constitution states: "Congress shall make no law...abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

This privilege, the right to say what we think without slandering or libelling anyone, is an inalienable right of all Americans. For this reason, the individual human being is the culmination of God's creation, and as a result, the freedom to think and to express what one believes is very important indeed, for without this right a person's development, both mental and spiritual, is capable of being stunted. Almost equally as important as self-expression, is the right to grow intellectually by exchanging ideas and reading what other people believe. These rights to speak and to listen are necessary for a person's self-satisfaction, to know his human capabilities.

Just as it is our right to agree or to approve, so also we have the right to criticize and dissent from the popular opinion of the times and perhaps advocate things which most people may think wrong and even dangerous to our society.

Sometimes we hear people say, "I can say or believe whatever I please! It's a free country, isn't it?" True, but does that person's satisfaction in being allowed to express his opinion necessarily make him a believer of "free speech?" Per se it does not. The real test of his belief lies not in whether he is free to express himself, but in his willingness to allow others the opportunity to present their opinions, even if they may be contrary to the beliefs of the majority. Most people despise hearing views which differ sharply from their own. They cringe at such ideas.

However, the right to dissent, like all good things, is open to abuse. The most striking examples of this abuse have been in the criticism of American policy in the Dominican Republic and Viet Nam.

No one can assert that the amount of debate over the policy followed by our government in these two countries has been limited. In fact, very few issues have ever been more widely debated.

The abuse of this right occurs when critics do not stop with dissent. They move on to action. These critics usually constitute only a small minority of the people, but they believe they not only have a right to dissent, but also have a right to disobey laws -- the laws which they consider morally wrong.

This civil disobedience has taken place in the form of demonstrations, teach-ins, sit-ins, draft card burnings, and similar disturbances. The Communists applaud these actions. They make themselves believe that the majority of the American people are not behind their government, and consequently believe that they can achieve victory. They are encouraged to continue the fight to defeat the opposition, which means to defeat freedom, which includes the right to dissent.


We are fighting in Viet Nam for the right of those people to exercise free speech in a democratic society, for their right to elect the public officials of their choice. Yet we see these beatniks, these un-American citizens ridiculing our government's position. They are not representative of the majority of the American people. When we see pictures on television of 3000 so-called Americans shouting, "Hey! Hey! LBJ! How many kids did you kill today?" we should feel disgust for these people. Sure, they have their right to free speech, but have they ever heard of the word "patriotism." Do they believe our government is wrong when we try to defend a helpless people against aggression? Do they believe they would be able to speak freely if they were under Communist domination?

Is not civil disobedience too high a price to pay to prove to ourselves and to the world just how free we actually are? FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover has repeatedly warned that whenever a person sets himself above the law, for any reason whatsoever, he is working to dis-

troy the rules which society has made for its protection. If such a person should succeed in committing civil disobedience, he will have become the victim of his own selfish interests.

In 1962, when this nation was caught in the midst of racial tension and civil disobedience, President Kennedy went before the American people. "Americans," he said, "are free...to disagree with the law, but not to disobey it. For in a government of laws and not of men, no man, however prominent or powerful, and no mob, however unruly, or boisterous, is entitled to defy a court of law. If this country should ever reach the point where any man or group of men, by force or threat of force, could long deny the commands of our courts and our Constitution, then no law would stand free from doubt, no judge would be sure of his writ, and no citizen would be safe from his enemies...Our nation is founded on the principle that observance of the law is the eternal safeguard of liberty and defiance of the law is the surest road to tyranny."

Bill Spilly

Father Rapp  C.P.P.S.

Fr. Ildephonse Rapp, opportunity in America and C.P.P.S., the oldest living urged Ildephonse to come over. At the age of sixteen, member of the Society of the Precious Blood, was born on Fr. Rapp completed his elementary education. He then June 16, 1877 in Altsheveir, Germany. He came from a family of six boys and three girls. His older sister, obtained permission from his parents to go to the United States.

previous to his coming to the United States, had joined the Sisters of the Precious Blood in America. In her letters to the family, she expressed with enthusiasm the great land of opportunity. Father arrived in Minster, Ohio, from New York, in 1892. While working at the parish in Egypt, Ohio, he decided to enter the seminary. Since the parish was in great need of help, he requested per-

mission from Fr. Dras, the Provincial, to have his novitiate at the parish in Egypt. In the fall of 1893, Father came by train to begin his studies for the Priesthood to St. Joe's with thirteen other students from Celina, Ohio.



It is interesting to know that at the time the Administration Building was the only brick building on campus. It housed all the priests, nuns, and students. The chapel was at the north end on the second floor and above the chapel on the third floor was the auditorium. Besides the Administration Building there was the Carpenter shop and the barn. The barn was situated where now stands Halleck

Center and the carpenter shop where it presently stands. Behind the Powerhouse were the horse stables and the faculty building grounds was the orchard. The President of the College at that time was Fr. Augustine Seifert. As the years passed by, Father witnessed the gradual development of St. Joe's to what it is today.

Father studied for five years at St. Joe's and six years at Carthage. In 1904, Ildephonse Rapp was ordained with five other men to the Priesthood. Following his ordination, he returned to St. Joe's to teach mathematics. In 1906, Father attended the St. Louis World Exposition, which he enjoyed very much.

One of Father's greatest interests is in music. He used to play clarinet in the band. In 1904, there was a need of a band instructor. Since the president could not find a director for the band, he asked for a volunteer from the faculty to keep the band going until he could find a director. Fr. Rapp "volunteered" for seventeen years. Father taught at St. Joe's for forty-five years. Besides teaching mathematics and directing, he also taught Latin and speech.

One of the marvelous

facts about Father Rapp is his apparent good health. He has never had any serious illness or physical handicap. When I asked Father what the secret to staying and keeping in shape is, he said, "Living on the third floor of Gaspar Hall for thirty years contributed somewhat." Then I asked him about his adventures climbing the water tower. He said the purpose was to get a thrill out of climbing up and secondly once he got on top he had a magnificent view of the area. Father says he doesn't care how something to hold on to.

There have been only five years during his priesthood that he hasn't spent at St. Joe's. He was chaplain of a convent in Milwaukee from 1934 to 1939. Father's relatives are in California, Canada, and Germany, so visits are few and far between. One has only to talk with Father to enjoy his great sense of humor. Father enjoys life very much. He is content and happy with everything he has. Father's advice to seminarians is to work, study, obey and persevere so that someday they can teach.

Ed Schafrath



On February 17, Mr. Robert Lucas, director of the Chicago branch of the Congress of Racial Equality presented a lecture on the plight of the Negro in Chicago. Mr. Lucas reminded the audience that the social situation in the north actually does not differ a great deal from the problems in the South. He cited Benjamin Willis, Chicago superintendant of schools, as the cause for what he called the Negro's "third rate education." In

a seemingly unpatriotic vein, and yet a realistic one for the Negro, Mr. Lucas mocked American History for forgetting the Negro.

CORE is a national organization dedicated to the liberation of Negroes from the chains of segregation. The feeding of CORE seems to be that the Negro should be given priority over caucasians in the areas of employment. This, as James Farmer, retiring head of CORE, says is

necessary because "The Negro does not start on the same line as whites." CORE does not denounce separation of whites and Negroes, but it soundly rejects segregation. Negroes, they say, are perfectly content to live with each other, but they demand the sacred freedom of choice. They require the same opportunities for education and housing as the whites have, and will not stop until this goal has been reached.

Andrew O' Reilly

"Simon, Streets!"

Somehow or another 3/4 of a school year has slipped through the mill already and, "Myrtle," our faithful (?) lithograph press has hardly had enough work to keep her joints limbered up or to keep her operator adept at handling her idiosyncrasies and catering to her unpredictable moods. Or, in other words, there has only been one edition of PULSE. It seems like there has been a scarcity of articles, or of people writing articles, or something. Anyway, to use a figure of speech called litotes (understatement),--bet you didn't know that I knew such a fancy word, did you? I didn't until it crawled out of a world lit. exam and tried to snow me--(look back at the beginning of this sentence and read it again if you have lost the trend of confusion or have been astounded at the lack of coherence) the situation must not be too good if our blonde-haired editor has had to resort to some of my garbage to fill up the empty holes in this paper.

Well, I have decided to pass over my usual commercials on Farmall tractors and Chevies since everyone apparently has finally been convinced of their unexcelled excellence. At least they have stopped arguing with me. I guess this last cold spell proved my point. It was minus 10 down in Misery and my dad started Hessie (our 1936 F-20 Farmall tractor) on the second crank. It was -14 up here and Fr. McKay's '56 Chevy willingly volunteered its services to haul guys back and forth from the gym while half of the newer beasts at Collegeville shivered even at the thought of turning their icy crankshafts over these Indiana pavements (or lack thereof). Or maybe Fr. McKay's bomb pulled the clinching argument for Chevies when its six cylinders cranked up and layed a Thunderbird in the shade at a stoplight in Whiting: 'Nuff sed.

Besides omitting my usual plugs for International Harvester and General Motors, I would even like to go so far as to prove that I am impartial by dedicating these words of wisdom to Zorba. As most of you may or may not know, Zorba is S.J.C.'s ladder truck. She is a '42 Fix Or Repair Daily one ton truck with four on the floor and six on the ground. She is the oldest of approximately 28 running trucks here at St. Joe. Uncle Sam discharged Zorba from the army shortly after the Second World War for a.w.o.l. (All Wheels On Loose). From there Zorba found refuge at Notre Dame until she was knobbled by a bunch of wild hunchbacks. We have read in Latin about these big wheels of Rome, such as Cicero and Cincinnatus, who aspired to spend their golden years as farmers. Zorba had this same longing, and after she came to St. Joseph's College in 1953, she was assigned to the barnyard where she had a good number of "golden years." After the dairy was closed down in 1963, Zorba waited in line for the death march to the junkyard. Three of her windows were broken, her grill was smashed in as were both fenders and the top of the cab. Her hood looked like a squashed Schafrath derby (reclaimed from speedy gonzalis) neither of her doors would close any more, and she had two flat tires and no brakes. These and other signs of wear such as the engine not being able to start and the transmission hanging on by two loose bolts seemed to

show that Zorba, like all man-made beasts had come to the end of her rope.

But, after a dose of triple snacks (sledge hammer, welder, and oil can), combined with a few pilgrimages to the junkyard and a couple dozen hours of mongie labor, Zorba had most of the Ford taken out of her. She turned out to be a rather weird beast. Her wiring system would make the Batmobile look like a Volkswagen and her yellow horns remind one of the two garbage cans without bottoms. But they work. So, next time you are awakened during Greek class by the friendly growl of Zorba's third gear and the soft rattle of her fire ladder, don't wonder how a Ford could last so long except maybe that it didn't have to study Greek. After all, you know it couldn't stop with a Farmall gas cap and a Chevrolet Heater.

Since this month is vocation month, I might put an end to this by taking an excerpt from the Sacred Heart Parish Bulletin in Sedalia, Missouri. "Try singing this,

Double your pleasure,
Double your fun,
Join and become
A contemplative nun."

I hope it doesn't have a copyright.

Mike Simon



At the beginning of the year I urged that our club take an interest in becoming an active member of the C.S.M.C. (Catholic Students' Mission Crusade). Thus promising to further activity

in the C.S.M.C., we voted to renew our dues for another year.

I pledged at that time to correspond with other C.S.M.C. groups in order to get an idea of the programs

which they are engaged in. I thought then, and still do, that my job this year will be one of laying the foundations for an active group next year. I have written letters to the national headquarters of the C.S.M.C., the diocesan mission director, and other C.S.M.C. seminary groups, particularly in the Midwest. It is my hope that when my correspondence has been answered I will be able to construct a workable program of active C.S.M.C. participation for next year. I will pass on to you my findings, observations, and proposals which I hope the next president will employ.

One must realize, however, that there are limitations on which we can do while here in the seminary confines. And this is where much of our problem lies. How can we be really active in the Mission Crusade, when in such a limited environment? I don't profess to have the answer but I'm doing my best to find one, because I am convinced of the importance and advantages of being in such an organization. We have a rather natural tendency to be concerned with ourselves. We live in our own little world with little or

no concern for the outside. I don't believe we should foster such a provincialistic attitude any longer. I don't believe that this is the attitude of the Church in the world today. The Church today is very outgoing, she wants to communicate with others--she wants dialogue. She feels she has to do more than just exist.

Why am I pushing the C.S.M.C.? I'm doing so because I'm interested in what's going on in the other Mission Units and organizations; I'm interested in hearing the opinions and experiences and viewpoints of people not on St. Joseph's College campus. And I think this is important. We are in this game together and we should be pulling together. We must play together or we'll never win. If the individuals on a basketball team each go their merry way, ignoring the calls of the captain and incognizant of the moves of their fellow teammates, the team probably won't go very far. We must have a team spirit. We must listen to the calls of the captain and work with our fellow groups, if we really want to have a winning combination. Let's not be isolationists, let's not be narrow minded. Let's join this worldwide Mission Crusade.

Barry Fischer



Out of Whose Trashcan?!?

Dear Readers,

All right, so I'm starting out with another letter. But this time a little explanation really is necessary. Remember the last PULSE? Don't answer out loud. Well, so many incidents have transpired since then that I can't remember many of them. I don't intend to imply that the editor is bovine. He is very swift! In fact, he hastened so swiftly to publish the first PULSE that his agile shoe caught and tore off the side panel of Father McKay's car. But on to matters of more weight. Perhaps you read in the news last week that some of Ian Fleming's early literary works were recently discovered in an old trashcan hidden behind a secret wall safe. One of these works was a pristine form of the famous James Bond novels. In this early book, Fleming used the first name Nick instead of James. An English friend of mine somehow got hold of this discovery and sent me a copy of it. It looked very interesting, and since I was short on material I decided to publish it in PULSE. It must be understood that the characters in this book are wholly fictional. Any resemblance, by name or otherwise, to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

J. Patterson

The Man with the Golden Banana

by I. M. Fleming

1 SWEET NIGHTMARES!

It was one of those nights when it seemed that the darkness would never end. The very air smelt of tragedy. Secret Agent Nickolas Bond paused to light a cigarette. A ray of light reflected off his Batman shoes (Bond preferred to call them wing-tips) but his Xavier Hall sweat-shirt could hardly be seen. Had the call to Father Ryans room been a false alarm?

"Oh, Mr. Bond, I'm so glad you came up. I've just seen a ghost. It tried to scare me. It looked white as a sheet."

"Was the ghost about this high?" asked Bond calmly.

"Yes."

"Have white hair?"

"Yes."

"Then I think you are mistaken. That was Father Esser"

"But there's something else mysterious going on. There's at least four other people roaming around up here"

"That," Bond surmised, "must be the KKK-Kolega, Kraus, and Krobbins." (Did you ever try to add a K to Stith's name?) "I'll look into it right away." Father mumbled something. "Orestes who? No, sorry, don't think I know the man." Bond noticed four shadows approaching. "Stop! Let me see what's in those bags." He was outnumbered. They could easily have had him. Bond made a quick check. The bags were filled with Halloween candy.

A bloody scream pierced the air. Bond put out his cigarette and headed straight for the upper dorm. It was practically the same story all over again.

"Oh, Nick, I'm glad you're here," Fischer said. "I've been bothered all night long by a ghost. It touches me and disappears. As you can see, I'm still shaking," he said still shaking.

"Could you give me a description of the ghost? I mean was it the white kind?"

"No. This one was different from the ordinary type of ghost that I usually see. It was somewhat in the form of a bony skeleton."

"Real bag of bones, eh?"

"That's right."

Bond didn't have time for a solution. There was more trouble. This time it was Patterson's bed.

"Ever try sleeping in a can of shaving cream?" he asked.

"No," answered Bond, "can't say that I have. It looks like it could have been done by a large group."

"No. I rather think the bum was exceedingly alone."

Bond's intense classical background immediately spotted the clue. Monnin again! Just then the phone in Bond's handkerchief began to buzz. "Hello, 000 here. Yes, father Bandit, go ahead. What's that? Oh, it's Banet. Sorry. You're calling from the library and think there were some banets in there? What's that? Oh, yes, bandits. Sorry again. All right, I'll be right over."

"Son of a gun," cursed Bond, folding up, "some vacation this place is turning out to be."

2 THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID

As Bond walked to the library he tried to remember his last night in London. M had personally summoned him to Headquarters. On his way to M's study Bond passed his secretary, Miss Mary Goodmorning. "Good evening, Goodmorning," he said. "Any idea what's up?"

"Sorry, Nick. M's playing this one strictly stag."

Bond entered the study to be met by two cold eyes and a Manhattan. (Bond hated the way M made drinks. Mineral water tasted stronger!) "Sit down, Nick. I've got a little present for you."

"A new secretary?"

"No. A vacation. I realize working in the Double-0 Section requires a little relaxation now and then. Besides, we've got to get SPECTATOR'S (Super Pressure Espionage Collaborators Threatening And Terrorizing Outside Russia) men off your trail for awhile. That's why I'm sending you to America for two weeks."

"America?! Surely you jest."

"Now, 000. I'm sure you'll find the Americans very sensible chaps. They are ahead in the space race, you know."

"But the Russians have sent up bigger payloads."

"Yes, but the Americans have rendezvoused in space."

"But the Russians landed a rocket on Venus."

"Yes, but the Americans' first space walk lasted ten minutes longer."

"True, but the Americans have prettier color pictures of the earth."

"Yes, I guess you're right, M. The Americans are ahead. Now tell me where this place is and how I get there."

"I was afraid you'd ask that sooner or later," M said. He pressed a button on his desk and a huge map of the United States appeared on the telescreen. "I've picked out a spot where you shouldn't be bothered or followed. Xavier Hall. It's near a town called Rensselaer."

"Pardon?"

"I said it's near a town called Rensselaer."

"That's what I thought you said."

"We've got passage booked for you to Chicago by jet, Lafayette by train, Brook by bus, and heavens knows where by the Iroquois River, but I'm afraid you'll have to make the last mile on your own. You shouldn't have any trouble. Your records show that you've had Swamp Combat under Specialties Department. Now in case anything strange should pop up, I want you to be familiar with all of the Hall's inhabitants. So I'm going to let you study each one of them on the telescreen."

After five more Manhattans and an endless amount of pictures, Bond was feeling a little tired.

"Just a couple more, Nick," M prodded. "This one's name is Ebach. Don't be surprised if he calls you 'Chemo Sabe.'" Another picture flashed on the screen. "The one on the left is Jim Schoenberg. You'll find him a very punny individual. The other one, dressed in a spy costume, is Padich. Karate expert! I'd stay clear of him." A blurred picture appeared on the screen.

"What the heck is that thing?" Bond asked. "I can't -hic- make anything out of it."

"That's Uhlenhake's right bicuspid. We couldn't fit all of him in one picture. Here's a picture of Jerry Korba. He can't speak Greek. That's Nibaldo and Israel.

They can't speak English. And that's Karl Willman. He can't speak English either. I'm afraid this is the last picture. Tim Hemm."

"Another Hemm? You're kidding."

"No, they're everywhere! They're everywhere!! You're lucky you don't have to tangle with the big one. Dayton, Ohio has over 250,000 people, but he still managed to run into Hilda on his only trip away from the Novitiate. I hate to even think about Linda Hamovitch."

"Novitiate. Novitiate. Isn't that the home of the original Batman?"

"No, Nick, you're thinking of the other place. Besides, he left long ago. That's all the briefing. Take care, old boy. And don't let them take advantage of you--."

3 THE BISHOP SHOULDN'T MIND

Bond was now entering the library. The first thing he noticed was a missing painting. "Hey, your famous Bellini's gone."

"That's why I called you over here," said Father. "Someone has stolen it."

"Why? Will they help us get it back?"

"No. They need extra news to fill up their half-hour program. Hey, who's playin' with the lights?" Blackout! A groan from behind the desk got their attention. A flashlight beam revealed John Jadchew's face and both parts of his slit throat. What a bloody mess!! "He must have been a witness to something. Better get him to the hospital. Also have them put it on the books as a Thyroidectomy. We wouldn't want this to get out. The secular students might be afraid to come near the library."

By the time Bond returned to the dorm he was exhausted, but he couldn't get to sleep. The foul stench of Fruit Loops kept teasing his olfactory nerves. After Bond heard that three Harpie feathers had been found in Nieport's bed, he decided the Bishop's Room would be a safer place to sleep. And the Bishop shouldn't mind, because, after all, the feature article is dedicated to him.

Bond was getting pretty watered off now because he still couldn't get to sleep. He walked into the bathroom, took the cap off a tube of Brylcream, and set it upright in the sink. "That shows how silly those stupid commercials are," thought Bond, "always showing some blonde coming out of a tube. Drat! All I ever get are brunettes." (The remainder of this chapter has been withheld from this particular edition. Sorry about that! Ed.)

4 WATER FOR BREAKFAST

As Nick Bond drifted off into deep sleep, he had not noticed the water dripping on his bedroom floor. When he awoke the next morning, he found himself completely submerged in water. Fortunately he had attached his nose plugs (to prevent loud snoring) before he fell asleep. This call was almost too close for comfort. The whole room was flooded. Somebody was after him! The water had come down from the ceiling, so that narrowed it down to about one suspect. Sure enough. Both of Father O'Dell's water faucets were on full blast, water was running over the sink and finding a passageway near the edge of the wall.

"But, Nick, I didn't know anything about it," Father explained. "Perhaps it was those sacristans, though. Those guys would probably even let saints get away with playing poker in church."

"All right, Father. We'll let it go this time. I was a little thirsty anyway." Bond thought it best to inform M of the day's happenings and see if he had any news on SPECTATOR. That evening the teleprinter relayed the answer.

"Personal for 000: Looks like we've got you in a bit of a mixup, Nick. SPECTATOR is working in that area. Station Z was on to something. Radioed the word 'Xerox' and then got it in the back. That's the only lead. See how you can make out, or do, that is. --Respectfully, M."

Bond figured the tip might be a reference to Agent 973 at the Processing Office. It was worth investigation. As he entered the main office, 973 was saying Mass for a few of the charwomen. 973 recognized 000, so he cut it short, but not before he had passed the col-

lection basket around once. "It's lucky you stopped in, 000. I received a threatening letter this morning. I think someone's trying to blackmail Topsy (K-9)." He handed the letter to Bond.

"Hmmm, looks like Schmelzer's type. In that case I'd say it's completely harmless. But I came down here to ask you for help."

973 informed Bond that he didn't possess any Xerox machines and Bond was again left out in the cold. Now, 973, never missing a chance to get his money's worth, asked Bond for more help. "Somebody tried to suffocate me this morning in chapel."

"How's that?"

"He closed the windows."

Bond tried to relate these last two facts by logic but he couldn't remember whether to use the reasons for the rules or the rules for the reasons.

"What I need is a ramentum covered, eight-inch window prop for Early Neolithic architecture. Do you think you could get one for me?"

"I suppose so," sighed Bond. "Sensible chaps, huh!" Bond hired Miller to help him look for the window prop.

"If it's anywhere on campus you'll find it in this room," Jack said. Bond entered the room which he thought looked more like a forest full of dead trees. "Rather quaint, but when are they going to finish this part of the building?"

"Oh, it's finished. This is just Father's own special approach to modern living."

"Well, we won't find the window prop here. These are just a bunch of ordinary, overgrown sticks. Reminds me of Simon's bed. I guess Sudy's Discount Service is the only place left."

; BOND vs. BOMB vs. BOOM

At dinner the next day Mike Tierney (alias Maxwell house), following Monnin's example, literally tried to "butter up" Nick Bond. Catching a piece of falling ice through the butter on his face, Tierney finally confessed: "I'm sorry, Nick. It was the only way I could get your attention. I lost the race last night and I

think 'Sheski' had something to do with it."

"You better be telling the truth, Tiern, or I'll tell Mr. Conway that you crossed out the last three letters of his name on his office door."

"Honest, 000. it's the truth. That wick was shorter than girls' dresses are getting to be."

It did seem strange that Jamez was the only one who bet against Tierney that night. Of course JJ really enjoyed his night follies. (Bond smiled at his own pun.) Bond began questioning him but he couldn't get any answers. Just then the phone in Bond's handkerchief started buzzing. "Hello! Hello! Coops, wrong handkerchief. ECH!! "Hello, 000 here. What's that? A bomb scare you say. All right, will do." As he was folding up his phone, a terribly loud boom shook the room. Was it already too late? Bond needed some fast help to cover the campus. "Dog, you and bear get a truck and check Halleck Center. Schafrath, you and Cahoon steal Father McKay's car and go over to the auditorium. Kolega, can you drive pretty fast?"

"Yes, I can get to about 79."

"Really? Some of your friends clock you?"

"No. The Illinois State Police."

"All right, you check the faculty woods. I'll take the carpenter's truck and check the gymnasium." Five minutes later Dog radioed in.

"We couldn't get into Halleck. We had a little trouble. I ran into a busload of visiting girls. What an ugly mess!"

"The accident you mean?" Dog didn't answer.

"Hello, this is Schafrath. This is Schrafrath. Do read me? Repeat. Do you read me? Over."

"Look, Brahma, will you stop playing jet pilot? Don't tell me you're in trouble too."

"I can't get out of here until I pay my \$2.00 fine at traffic court. Father Banet just gave me a parking ticket."

"That's too bad, Brahma. Oh, I found out what the boom was. Nothing serious. Hamlin fell on the floor during I.M. basketball practice."

6 WHATEVER STARTS MUST END (or) AT LAST, A REFERENCE TO THE TITLE

Since he was in the vicinity of Raleigh Hall, Bond decided to take a peek at the sculpture student's creations. In 'raw' form, Mike Walro's was the best. It looked so real. (Bond blushed.) It even looked better than Jerry Stack's artistic creation of the "Laundry Room." Then Bond saw the hand move a little. "Egad, Wicker, is that you inside all that clay?"

"Yes," John sighed, coming down from the pedestal. "I'm trying to hide. You see, they've still got my number - 1-A."

Bond brought John back to the Hall and tried to comfort him. Now Zimmerman was upset. "What's the matter, Zip?"

"Lllook!" Bob stammered. A big fake tear rolled out of his Jewish eye. Bond looked over at Zip's desk. His stomach did a one and a half flip. There it was, in effigy. A bright golden banana!!! "I'm so sick, Bob sobbed. "I think I'm seeing double."

"You've probably been seeing too many Shakespeare movies," said Bond curtly.

"There's a letter for you downstairs, Nick," someone said. Bond went down to get it. Right next to the letter was a small box. Bond observed it carefully. It was addressed to the Brother Postulants from Jim Gettig. "Handle with care. This package contains a species from Gettig's ant farm. Contents are a rare breed of ants called termites." Bond opened the letter. It was from M.

"Dear 000,

It looks like we owe you an apology. Intelligence got your place mixed up with St. Joe's of Pennsylvania. SPECTATOR is nowhere near you. As for Xerox, that was a miscoding of the word zabaglione. I had forgotten that station Z was working on the cook book case. Now that your two weeks are over you can come back to work. We're expecting some big trouble at Casino Royale. If you're still suspicious of all that's happened there, just remember that that's the American way of doing things. Hope to find you well rested.

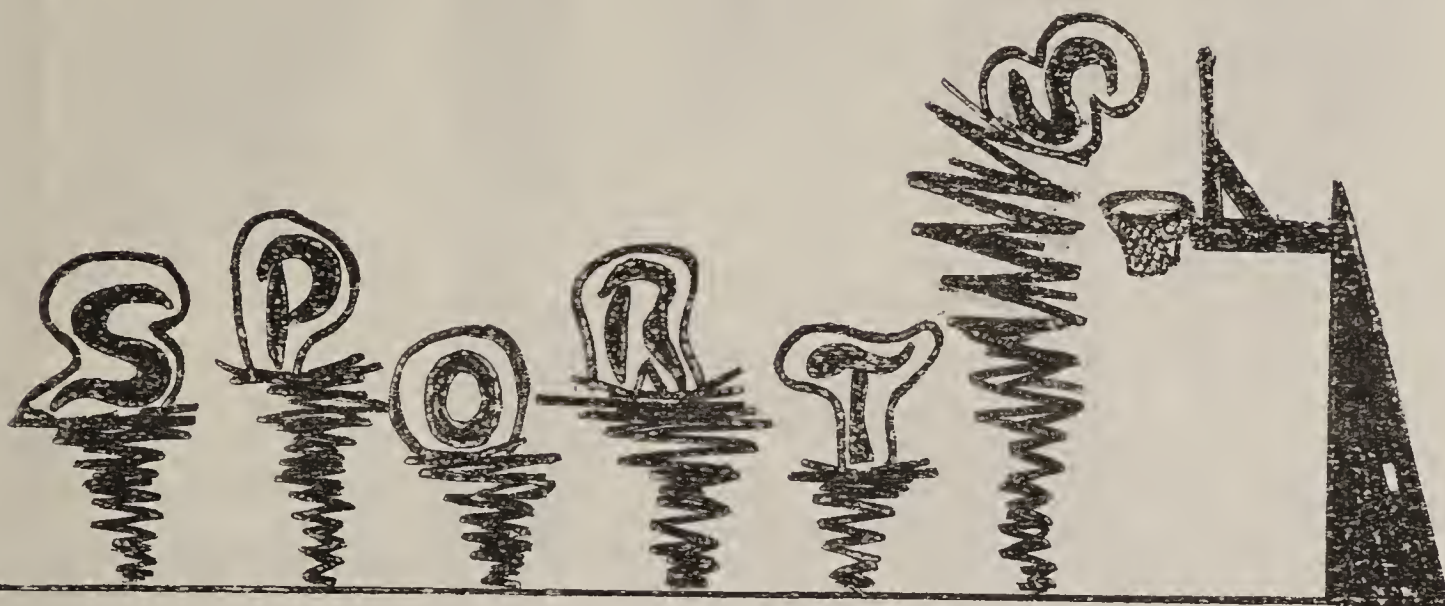
Respectfully, M

Bond stepped outside to breathe some fresh air. He gave a momentary glance at the twin towers which he had

come to admire, patted his tube of Brylcream, and started walking towards the Iroquois River.

the end

Jerry Patterson



Basketball

The story in basketball was much the same as in the football tournament. The two teams to watch were the Xavier Mongies and the Bennett Red Garters. Both teams had only one loss in pre-tourney action. The Mongies got considerable help from their 6'4" center Nick Potts and sharp-shooting guard Tom Schmelzer. The other three of their starting five included Leon Monnin guard, and the two forwards, Bill Kuhlman and team captain Bob Zimmerman. The game between Bennett and Xavier was tough to take for the Mongies, who were defeated 46 to 43. The Mongie rooters spent most of the time blasting the referees, but it did no good.

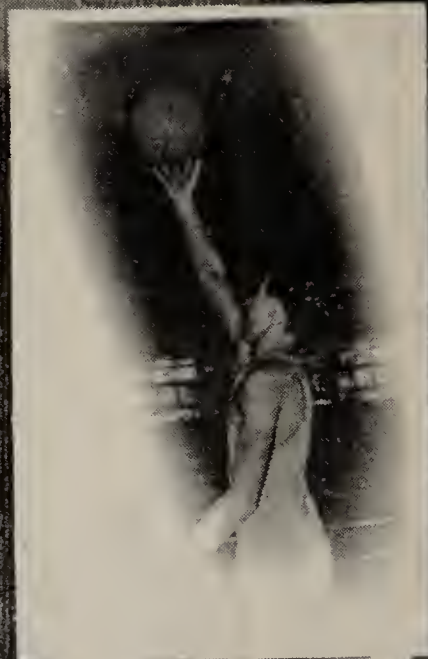
The lead changed hands many times and it was an extremely close game until the last few moments. Bennett got three points ahead and stalled until the time ran out. This was the Mongies first defeat in the tournament and they moved into the loser's bracket with hopes of getting another crack at the Red Garters in the future. However Bennett had two teams and the Mongies had to face Bennett's second team. With one loss, the Mongies knew that they would have to win or be out of the tournament. There was added incentive to win because this same hall had squeaked by the Mongies to win the coveted football championship. The Mongies came into the game with the psychological advantage of



SCHMELTZER



SCHRAUFNAGEL



ZIMMERMAN



WALRO



HAMLIN
WICKER
MEYER



POTTS



MONNIN



KUHLMAN

having conquered Bennett's second team once before. However, the contest was very closely matched and the Bennett men were determined to trounce the Mongies. Bennett's number 0 gained in popularity with the Mongie fans for displaying his elbowing and kicking skill. Also, in the last few minutes of the game, when the Mongies were ahead and the only way that Bennett could possibly break the stall was by fouling, the ref did not call intentional fouls, thereby giving the Mongies only one free throw instead of two. This made the difference because with three minutes left in the game the Mongies were out in front by ten points. Bennett then stole the ball and scored a basket narrowing our lead to eight points. The Xavierites tried to stall but Bennett fouled, putting Schmelzer at the line with only one shot. Bennett then fouled twice more bringing the score up to 39 to 37, the Mongies favor. Bennett then got the ball and successfully scored two tying the game. The three minute overtime began and the tension was at its peak. Xavier got first shot at the basket and missed. Bennett did likewise. This was a break for Xavier, but

they shot again and missed. Then Bennett took over as their number three pumped in two points. Xavier had to come across with some points in a hurry. A missed pass fell out of bounds, turning the ball over to Bennett, who quickly capitolized on the break by sinking two more points. After Xavier called a time out, Potts scored on a short bunny-shot. Xavier illegally called another time out and Bennett was given two foul shots, both of which were swished. The overtime ended 45 to 41 in favor of Bennett.

Even though Xavier lost, almost everyone thought they had played their best game of the year.

Ed Stith

Bowling

Our bowling team consisted of seven of the top bowlers at Xavier. In pre-tournament play, the Mongie pinmen looked quite impressive. They bowled for nine weeks and totaled up 26 points, losing only ten. But East Seifert stopped them cold taking two of the three games from the Mongies in the first tournament game. In that match our boys took the first game by about a hundred pins. However in



the second and third games, we were defeated by three and six pins, respectively. The tournament officials count one point for each of the three games to avoid ties. Actually, we swamped them in total pins, but they took the games that made the difference.

Highest Game

Arvidson-220 highest series-
587(215, 186, 220)
Zimmerle-225 high series-553
Zimmerman-175 team captain
Spilly-181
Von Benken-186
Wood-193
Mencsik-199

Ed Stith

Wrestling

Six courageous men of Xavier Hall with the utmost confidence and with a tremendous sense of heroic duty signed up for I.M. wrestling against all odds.

Yes, only six were daring enough. With such intrepidity, how could these gallant men possibly be beaten? Well, somebody found the answer. Tom Bear, who put up a tremendous fighting battle--would you believe "fighting"?--lost. Mike Botos really mauled and mutilated one guy. Then

he got mauled and mutilated. Oh! It was terrible. Link lost once but is still in there fighting and is in the finals. Zimmerle keeps trying to think up excuses for losing to Ebach, but so far he hasn't found a good one. He had better hustle because he may have to think up two of them if he loses to Schreiter. Bob, who is in the semi-finals, has hopes of winning. Ebach, the "savage", is defending his throne against the upcoming one time losers. So far only two of the fearless six are out of the tournament, leaving four still in there still giving in the "bloody go". Good luck, fearless fighters.

Mike Zimmerle



EDITORIAL

Several years ago Xavier Hall's participation in I.M. activities was quite limited. Upon the arrival of Fr. McKay as Director three years ago, the involvement of Xavier in all college activities -- including I.M.'s -- was greatly increased. At the time it was felt that those activities with the other students of the college would serve for a better relationship between the seminarians and the secular students. It was also hoped this would afford the seminarians who really enjoy sports and have some talent in them a better chance at developing skills which might otherwise be lost because of a lack of facilities. Since their entry into I.M.'s, the seminarians have performed admirably. Not only was their style of play of high quality, but they also displayed comparatively good sportsmanship. In the first full year of competition Xavier was awarded the sportsmanship trophy. Last year they reached the finals in football and twice defeated the softball champions in league play. And, despite the handicap of more limited chances for participation than the other students, Xavier copped the coveted all-sports trophy, awarded to the team with the highest total of I.M. points. This is truly an admirable record for Xavier Hall.

This year, however, seems to be quite different. Not that the teams have been below par in their playing. The football team again reached the finals, only to be defeated in one of the roughest and dirtiest games I have ever witnessed. Earlier this month, the basketball team went to the semifinals, only to lose to two different Bennett teams in succession. Where then, does the difference lie?

This year seems to be "stop the mongies" year in I.M.'s. But why has this situation arisen? It has been obvious this year that the referees have hardly been on our side. Certainly some of this can be blamed on incompetence and prejudice. But are we completely innocent?

I believe it is time we re-examine our participation

in the I.M. program. This, of course, means we should think over carefully whether or not it is in the best interest of the hall that we continue to participate. But more than this-- even more important-- it is time the student body ask themselves just what we are doing in I.M.'s. Is it always necessary that we have the best, that we win everything? I believe much of the trouble we have encountered this year is due to a large part to the superior attitude we have that no one is better than us. More than once during the basketball season it was disgusting to listen to our rooters out there for blood. Is it any wonder then that the referees were against us when they had to face abuse every time a call went against us? Now I realize that most of this was done quite unintentionally. But it is of the utmost importance that when we root, we are careful of what we do. To antagonize a situation which is already bad can only make it worse. This has been evident from this past year's activities.

Some people have advocated that Xavier drop out of I.M.'s. I certainly feel a close look must be atken at our involvemant. But upon considering the alternatives, I believe it would be best to stay in and work to make our participation something valuable to all concerned. It is up to the students of Xavier Hall to show their character and come out on top in this. Only by growing up, playing hard, and yet being good sports in all aspects of a game, can we prove to the rest of this school that Xavier Hall can get along. It may take time. Undoubtedly, none of us here now will see the day that Xavier is treated equally. But we must begin. Otherwise, the only alternative left is to drop out of I.M.'s and many other college activities.

George Hamlin
Editor

ERRATA:

Our apologies to Bishop Gallagher for inadvertantly misspelling his name. It should be Gallagher, not Gallager.

LETTERS

TO

Ed.

Dear Editor:

In the last issue of PULSE, you wrote an unjust editorial. It was unjust because most of your statements were not true and were based on false assumptions. You said basically two things. Some of the elected leaders of Xavier Hall are in a clique which is influencing them to run the hall with no apparent regard for the wishes of the student body. Secondly, that the students of Xavier Hall should not be afraid to speak their feelings and offer suggestions.

I object to your first statement because I know for certain that no person or group has ever tried to influence me to obtain anything for their own selfish purposes. I am the only one who could know this. Nor have I sought from anyone who is not an elected officer. However, you infallibly explain the whole situation to be the opposite.

You used the example of the restaurant booths to prove that the leadership was poor but at most that incident was a mistake in ad-

ministration. I should have informed the student body that I decided not to buy the booths but no one influenced me not to inform them of this fact. That would be ridiculous.

Referring to your first statement again, I object to your calling this group a "clique." Obviously you don't know what the word means or you would not have used it. A clique is a group which does not allow everyone to associate with them. Therefore, the exclusion of a person has to come from the group. This group has never excluded anyone. If anyone feels excluded it is his own fault for misinterpreting the actions of the group.

What you say and what you do are two different things. After talking this situation over with you, you admitted that this group is not influencing me. Yet, you refuse to retract even that part of your editorial which you know is false. Why? Don't your readers have the right to know the truth?

In your article you say that the members of the student council meetings I asked, "Are there any complaints about the way things are going?" Did you speak your feelings? Did you offer a suggestion concerning this matter? No. You chose to risk creating dissension in the hall when all that you needed to do was to follow your own exhortations and this matter could have been taken care of more efficiently and more manfully. You could have found out the truth and saved yourself considerable embarrassment.

Sincerely,

Edward P. Stith

President of Student Council
(to begin, you state the editorial was an unjust one. Of course, this is a matter of opinion. A person must make his judgements through what he sees. This I did. The impression given me was the one stated in the editorial. It is quite easy to ask for proof of this; an attitude can be portrayed without any specific incidents to back it up. I used the booths as one example. It may have been weak, but it was an indication of the attitude which has pervaded the action of our leaders. This was a reflection of my opinion. I may be wrong, but

I and others in the hall do not think so. I resent your stating that I "infallibly explain the whole situation." I did not "infallibly" explain anything. I certainly feel that I was right, but it is still possible my impression was the wrong one.

You also stated that I admitted that this group was influencing you. Either you were hearing things, or I said something I certainly did not intend to. I do admit that you have a right to deny this influence; this I expect. But while I respect your right, your denial will not alter my opinion. Only a concerted effort at improvement will do this.

You also object to my calling the group a clique. As I told you, this word has some connotations which I did not want to imply. But I also felt this word comes the closest to explaining what this group is. I believe the popular concept of the word conveys the idea of a closely knit group, not necessarily to the complete exclusion of everyone else.

Yes, I could have brought up this complaint in a student council meeting. But does not this problem concern the whole student body? With this in mind, I felt the problem should be presented to the student body,

and I felt PULSE was the organ which should be used. Why is it the student body should be kept in the dark about everything that happens around here. As far as saving myself "considerable embarrassment," I have nothing to be ashamed of and no reason to feel embarrassed. I feel I am doing my best toward the student body. Are you sure you are? - Ed.)

Dear Editor:

I thought I would take the opportunity to reply to your editorial in the last issue of PULSE. After all, you did ask for comments!

What did you hope to gain from exposing trouble within Xavier Hall to the parents of the seminarians, the students on campus, and the members of the Society?

For most of them, the situation mentioned would not be understood and such statement could only bring worry on the parents, whispers on the campus, and complete bewilderment throughout the Society.

Such exposure, which isn't as bad as you make it sound, can only blacken the name of your class and hinder the reputation of Xavier Hall. Who knows if any secular vocations to the C.P.P.S. might

have been lost to other communities?

Article 37, Chapter III of the Constitutions of the Society states: "No one shall carry unpleasant tales from house to house."

You may have had a problem at Xavier but couldn't you have taken care of this via the usual means -- Fr. McKay or the Student Body? If neither one of these thought a problem existed or was as serious as you made it, then maybe you were reading too much into the actions of your fellow classmates.

Was the PULSE created to be the sounding board for the notions of its editor? After all you don't have a vast populace to reach but only a small group. Were you hoping the parents would write or maybe the Student Discipline Board on campus could aid Xavier Hall out of chaos?

Yours last edition was a fine one -- except for the editorial. Kepp up the good work but don't kill the PULSE before it has a chance to flower.

Yours in Christ,
Jim Gettig

(I believe the best way to answer your letter would be to explain the purpose of PULSE. Let me quote from the March-April issue of 1964: "If you will notice in this

issue of PULSE that we are aiming primarily at two audiences. The first, the seminarians themselves, is our primary at which we level the feature stories, gossip columns, and jokes. The second audience, to those living outside of Xavier, such as the parents, and community members in different houses, we give the news notes' section -- just to let them know in a general way what the Xavierites are up to. In this way we think that we are doing what we intend -- to communicate Xavier life to outsiders and publish primarily for the seminarians -- ...". This is a good summary of the policy which has been followed by the three editors PULSE has had. It is for this reason, Jim, that I felt justified in printing the editorial. I also felt that, since no names were mentioned, it would not strike home too hard on anyone's parents. I don't feel that such exposure will completely ruin Xavier's name. I feel that it is time the editorials in PULSE become something concrete and concerned with real problems which exist in the hall. For five years I have read editorials in our seminary papers about abstract things, such as virtue. It is not that I discount the importance of

these things. But I feel that they should be left to those with experience and to spiritual instructions. So I saw a problem in the hall and felt that this would be a good place to start a new editorial policy. I agree that the problem is not now as serious as it could get -- but is that any reason to allow it to go on until the situation becomes as bad as what happened last Year?

Although the Editorial policy is, in the end, determined by the editor, I did not write this editorial without first consulting some other people -- sixth years and fifth years both. I also discussed my plan with Fr. McKay before I continued with it. So I do not believe that I have made the editorial in PULSE the type of "sounding block", as you call it, "for the notions of the editor."

In conclusion, Jim, I feel that I was completely justified in writing the editorial which I did. I do not think that Fr. McKay has been deluged with calls from indignant and worried parents. I hope that this type of editorial will cause PULSE to become a strong influence in the student body next year and for many years after that.

By the way, Jim, thanks a lot for taking the time and

energy to write and show your interest. Even though we don't agree, I appreciate your writing. --Ed.)

Dear Editor:

I wish to commend you on your editorial in the last issue of PULSE. It is high time we have someone who, as editor of Xavier Hall's paper, is not wasting time and space preaching pious platitudes. This paper is written for and about Xavier Hall. If important items of interest exist in this hall, they should without a doubt be presented for the consideration of all. Such is the topic which you have so provocatively written.

I dare to say that this editorial was written not merely as the editor's own personal view of the situation, but as the general view of Xavier Hall. It was written not to incite resentment among those involved, but to constructively criticize a fault which many in this hall deem serious.

As a member of this hall, I fairly well know what is going on. It doesn't take much to open your eyes and see what is going on about you. You do not have to be a psychologist to see how

people react to different situations and different people.

Those involved know who they are. They, along with their friends who like to be in the minority also, will probably defend their position, simply because, if they do not, they will get the idea that others believe they have been in the wrong, and expect a change in their policy. This is their right. But the truth remains clear!

I hope this case will rest after those concerned about this have expressed their opinion. I believe that in the time that has elapsed since this editorial was published, some outward improvement has been made. I just hope it continues.

A CONCERNED READER

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on a fine PULSE. For a change, I read the editorial. Most people our age pass over this section of a magazine or newspaper. Finally, you showed me the value of an editorial.

I felt your editorial was a valid attempt to help the student body, and, from the general public opinion that was voiced, a majority of

students in Xavier Hall felt that your editorial was justified and, had it been taken to heart by a few people, would have produced much good for the hall.

I sincerely hope that the following editorials in PULSE will continue to be for the good of the hall. But as with all things, there are two sides to every story. I may be the only person in the world who thinks I can kill dead monkeys. Even though almost everyone can prove that this is impossible, I can still hold that it can be done. Much the same is true of editorials. They can be true but fall upon deaf ears.

A Killer of Dead Monkeys

(Of the many comments I heard concerning my editorial, comparing it to killing dead mondeys was the furthest from my mind. But, upon reflection, it may also be the most pointed. - Ed.)

Dear Editor:

First of all, I was very happy to see that your editorial in PULSE was one down to earth and concerned something practical. We've all read many editorials in the past on abstract ideas of piety and the like and it sure was a change of pace to

read a good, hard hitting, thought provoking editorial.

I think the editor should also be congratulated for having the courage to write and print such an editorial. How many of us would have shrunk away from doing likewise, only because we feared the criticism which would surely follow?

I believe that the editor was correct in printing the editorial. Some of us might think that he went out of his area by doing so and that it was wrong for him to print it in PULSE. It might be well to recall just what the editorial policy of our paper is. It is left up to the editor to decide what the content of his article will be. If his editorial is okayed by the moderator, then that is all that is necessary. This was the case with the editorial in the last issue of PULSE, so I can see no use in arguing whether it should have been printed or not.

Instead of squabbling over the legality of printing such an editorial, it seems much more reasonable to examine closely the contents of the editorial and to see whether or not the ideas set forth there are true or not.

I, myself, am in agree-

ment with the editor's opinion. I do believe our leaders' opinions have been influenced too much by their friends. I have made my own observations and I feel that this is the case. Can I prove it? Can the editor prove it? Probably not. Does this mean then that the assertion is false? We'd be fools to say that it has to be. One cannot take a picture of influence and say, "Here it is!", just like one cannot see anger or fear, as it were, floating through the air. Influence is something experienced in the head and reasoning of a person. But one can see the results of influence, just as you can of love, hate, or anger.

The men involved certainly know who they are and are aware that the editorial was being directed toward them. The reaction of the group certainly surprised me. I expected them to act like men -- to read the editorial and discuss it among themselves, then to come up with a solution if they were guilty of the charge. And if they weren't, to take the criticism like men. But instead they acted like frightened children whose carefree world had suddenly been interrupted by an unexpected

stranger, threatening their security.

If these leaders would have acted like men, like leaders, and had taken this criticism on the cheek, like men, I think their reputation and others' respect for them would have been enhanced, even though they might have been guilty, because we all like to see our leaders act like men, not like frightened children.

Very truly yours,
A reader

Dear Editor,

Your editorial which you printed in the last issue of PULSE brought out a trouble spot which has caused problems in the leadership of individual groups for the last few years. I do not wish to rake up old dirt, so I'll not point out individual instances, even though I'm sure we all know what they are. This student publication is fortunate to have an editor with the courage to speak out on matters such as the one discussed in the previous editorial. Perhaps now the leaders of the student body of Xavier Hall have realized that they are not in their positions for their benefit and their "friends'" benefit.

but for the welfare of the entire student body. Perhaps they now understand that they have been elected to serve as our leaders and have not been chosen to make decisions within their own clique, but in the presence of the entire student body. The future leaders of Xavier Hall and other groups within this and the other C.P.P.S. houses will use this editorial as an admonition for fair leadership when they assume office if they wish to be successful. Let us also hope that the present leaders of the Xavier Hall student body will take the hint and perform their duties as we know they can.

Anonymous

Dear Editor:

A French statesman of the post-Revolution period, Bertrand Barrere de Vieuzac,-- a most reputable character, I'm sure -- once said, "The tree of liberty grows only when watered by the blood of tyrants." Well, George, you surely shed blood in your last editorial, and I fear that the repercussions engendered by it were felt in your own blood no less.

In my own opinion, the substance of what you say is unimpeachable: there certainly

is a problem here. Your courage is to be commended. Yet it is the prudence demonstrated in publishing such a diatribe in the PULSE which is questionable to my mind. In proportion to the nature and gravity of the problem, your expose may have been a bit extreme. After all, the Xavier student body is not so large and the problem not so rampant that it had to be denounced in the hall magazine. Indeed, I imagine the number of those who read PULSE merely as "interested parties" exceeds the number of Xavier students. People do not normally expose their personal family problems for public scrutiny, yet in effect this is what you did. But this is my opinion. The fact that you did issue such an editorial indicates that you do consider the problem more serious and less shameful than I.

Yet I do not feel that the brunt of the responsibility for this situation should be relegated to the members of the student council. There is much fault to be found among the student body. For have we not been content to let the elected (and the appointed) leaders manage our affairs in their own way? Outside of that august body is there really that much concern to be found? Concern for matters pertaining to

the hall should not, of course, be the overriding motivating force of anybody here; however, there should be some interest. Here is where the fault lies with the student council: they have not combatted this apathy with the means at their disposal. They have been satisfied to make student body meetings nothing more than rubber-stamp conclaves; and their own meetings, clandestine gatherings whose decisions are to be made known only to the previously initiated. The student council will deny that this is true; the student body will not.

If your purpose in writing this editorial was to rouse us to wrathful vengeance, you have failed miserably. If it was to castigete our leaders, you acted wrongly. But if it was -- as I believe it was -- to awaken

new considerations in the hall, you have succeeded admirably.

Congratulations for a great issue of PULSE, George. Your energy, work, and devotion are surely to be appreciated.

Bob Cassey

Dear Editor,

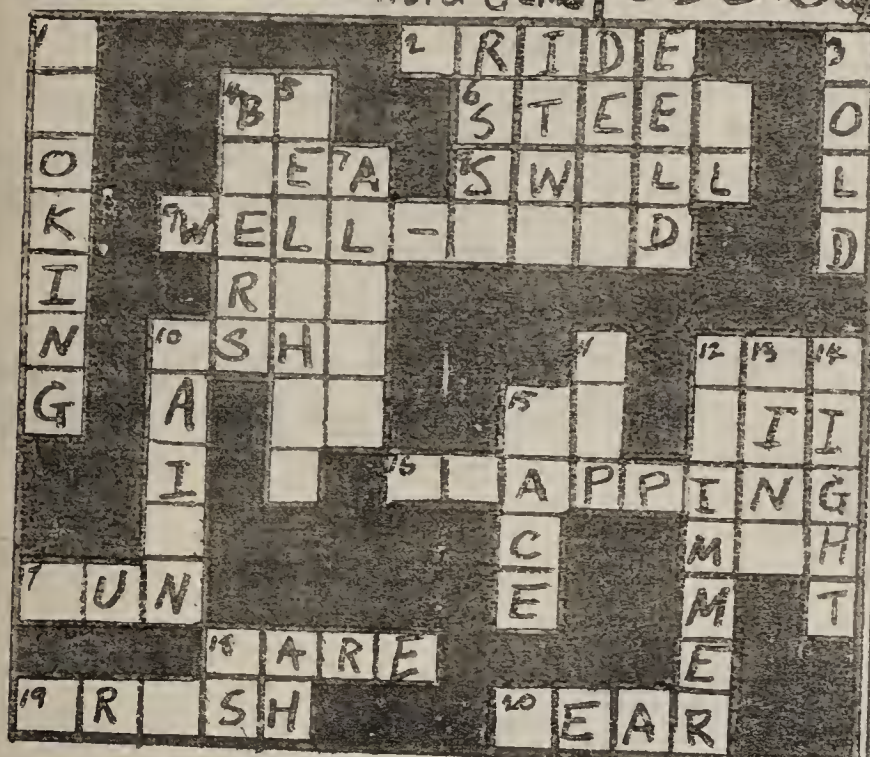
I read your editorial in the first issue of PULSE and, from the sound of it, you are taking a lot upon your shoulders. But if what you say is true, and I believe it is, I agree with you 100 per cent. If you won't work as a class over there, you won't over here, and it's just your class at Novitiate. With disunity like that, it could hurt a lot of guys in more ways than one.

Yours truly,
A Novice

the Big Fool

Word Game

500.00



NAME

ADDRESS

MAIL TO:

"Big Fool Contest" - Editor of Pulse
 XAVIER HALL, St. JOSEPH'S College
 Rensselaer, Ind. 47978

Clues Down

1. You might hear a man cough because he is CHOKING or SMOKING.
3. The fish in the pond at St. Joseph's College are closely associated with GOLD or MOLD.
4. Too many BEERS or BIERs might cause one to become sick.
5. No one likes a person who BELCHES or WELCHES publicly.
7. A friend who is standing far off will speak to you ALOOF or ALOUD.
10. A priest should know how to use LATIN or PATEN.
11. A quick NAP or NIP will refresh a tense Novice.

Clues Across

2. On his wedding day a man will have a new-found BRIDE or PRIDE.
6. Hot STEED or STEEL may run too fast.
8. A delegate at the hog-feeders' convention would probably always tend to agree that his meals are SWELL or SWILL.
9. A person who is WELL-BRED or WELL-READ would know how to criticize modern art.
16. When frightened, a North Suribachi Booboo bear by CRAPPING or SNAPPING.
17. Too much FUN or SUN might cause a person's stomach to be sore.

Down con't.

Across con't.

12. A BRIMMER or SWIMMER may become full of water.

13. On his first public appearance, one would expect a vocalist to FINK or SING out.

14. From a basketball referee's own point of view, he always makes a RIGHT or a SIGHT decision.

15. A horse would lose if it had a bad PACE or RACE.

18. In wartime, cannons are expected to be RARE or YARE.

19. A boy would not care if his girlfriend slapped him for being too BRASH or FRESH.

20. One would throw an article of clothing away because of TEAR or WEAR.

TWO FREE ANSWERS

16. Across - SNAPPING, Stupid; not CRAPPING. It is the South Suribachi Booboo bear which automatically reacts by CRAPPING.

20. Across - WEAR not TEAR; a tear can easily be mended and the piece of clothing will remain useful. Too much WEAR usually means that the clothing would be beyond repair and therefore would not be worth keeping.

The Rules

1. Fill in the blank squares of the puzzle diagram with the letters from the words you think best fit the clues, and mail your entry to the address indicated.
2. You may submit as many entries as you wish but each entry must be a reasonable facsimile of the puzzle as printed (or) you may obtain extra copies by writing the editor of PULSE and asking for them.
3. All entries must be received by midnight May 31, 1966.
4. The contest is open to anyone over six years of age,

but is void in Russia, Red China, and in any country or state which prohibits it by law. Judges, their wives and families, and all those associated with the Big Fool Contest are not eligible to compete.

5. There is only one right answer to the puzzle and only the right answer can win. All entrants must agree PULSE has the sole right to designate the right answer. The winner and all the correct answers will be announced in the next issue. All judges' decisions will be final.
6. The entrant with the highest number of correct answers will be the winner. Judges will decide the means of determining the winner in case of a tie.

THE BIG FOOL

